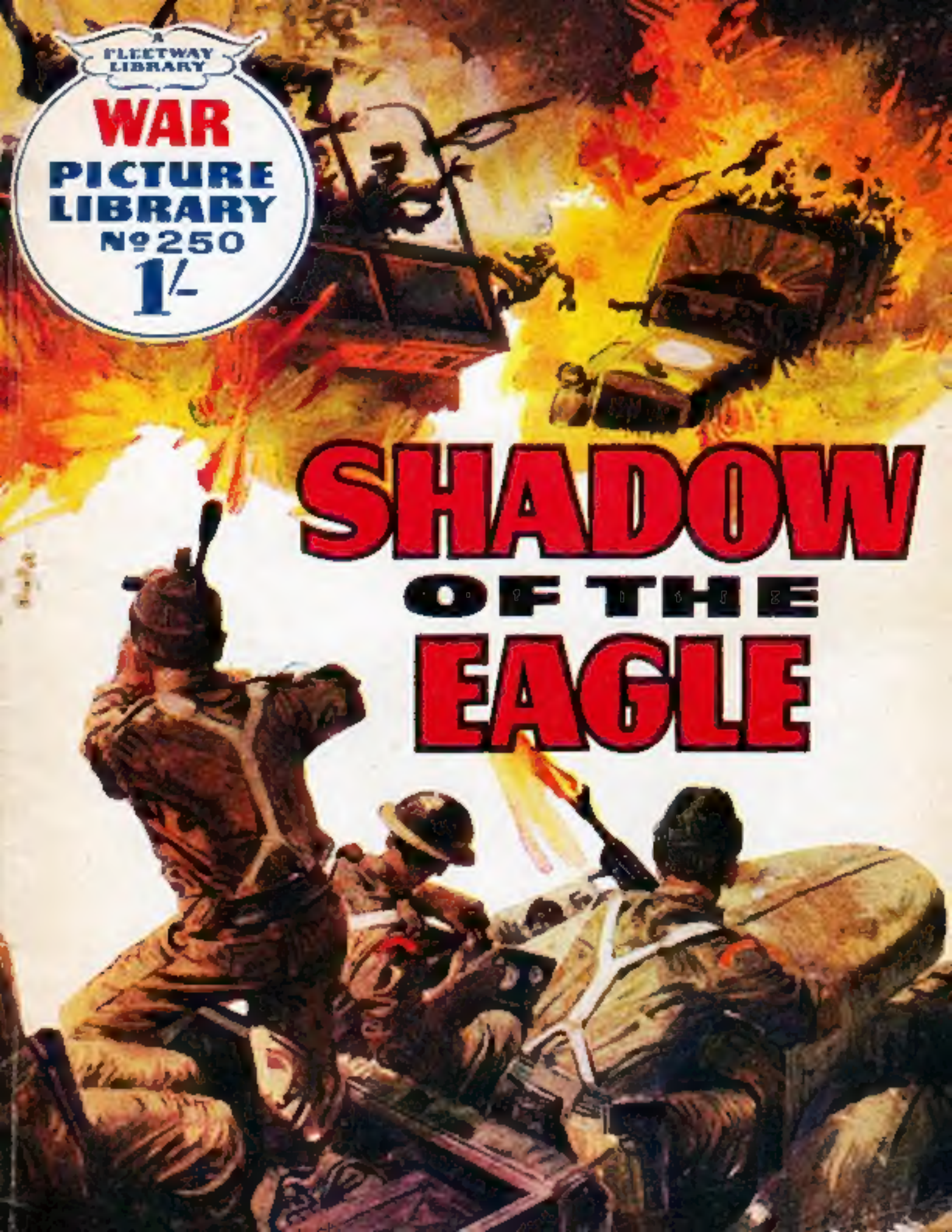
A FLEETWAY LIBRARY
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SHADOW OF THE EAGLE

ALSO ON SALE NOW
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No. 248—TARGET AFLAME

A non-combatant, thrown by chance into battle—should have been a dead duck. But this "duck" was as dangerous as an eagle.

No. 249—THE PHANTOM SERGEANT

He stepped from the dark jungle—a gaunt shadow of a man. Where had he come? from Where was he leading them?

No. 251—RED DEVILS DON'T DIE

Spearheading the Allied advance through Italy, the "Hell Raisers" were men who gave no quarter—and asked none in return.

EXTRA...! EXTRA...! EXTRA...!

TOPS *in holiday reading...*

all action picture-stories in EACH issue!

ON SALE NOW

SHADOW OF THE EAGLE

ON 2nd SEPTEMBER, 1939, GERMANY VIOLATED HER TREATY WITH BRITAIN AND INVADED POLAND. AGAINST THE MIGHT OF THE WEHRMACHT THE POLISH HAD NO CHANCE. THE FOLLOWING DAY, BRITAIN DECLARED WAR ON NAZI GERMANY.

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Chapter 1. The Shadow falls...

AS THEY GREW OLDER, THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE BOYS BECAME MOST MARKED.
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WILLIAM. HIS ONLY TOPIC OF CONVERSATION SEEMS TO BE GERMANY. HE EVEN SPENDS ALL HIS FREE TIME READING ABOUT THE PLACE.
I AM AFRAID. THE GERMAN EAGLE HAS THROWN ITS SHADOW OVER WILL...

BUT HENRY WAS A DOWN-TO-EARTH ENGLISHMAN. HE DID NOT BELIEVE IN EAGLE'S SHADOWS!
THIS NONSENSE HAS GOT TO STOP, WILL? YOU'RE GOING TO GET RID OF ALL THOSE BOOKS. YOU'RE AN ENGLISHMAN, NOT A GERMAN!

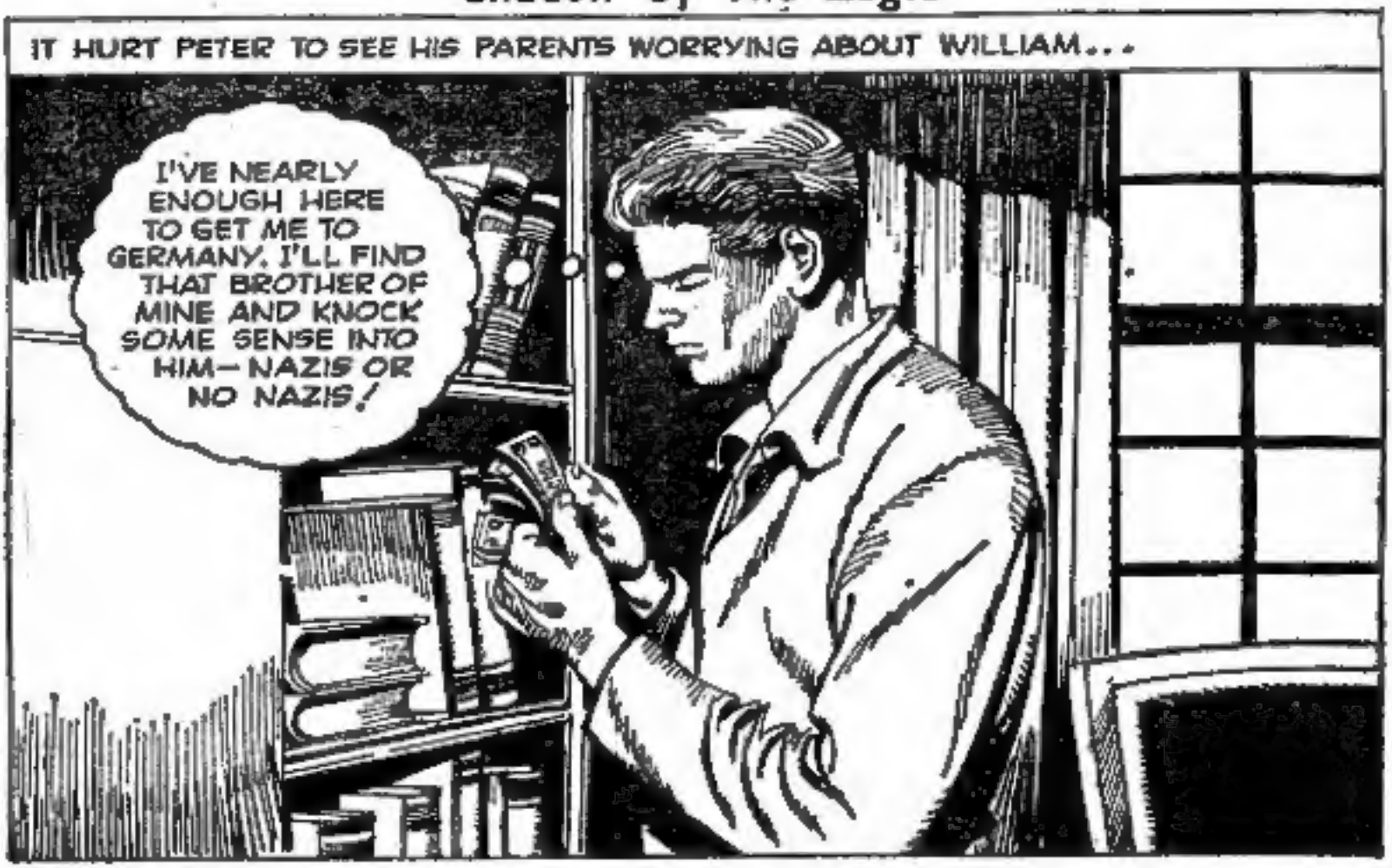
WILLIAM SAID NOTHING, BUT FROM THAT MOMENT HE BEGAN TO MAKE PLANS. ONE NIGHT HE PUT THEM INTO OPERATION...
ENGLAND MEANS NOTHING TO ME. THERE IS ONLY ONE COUNTRY WHERE I COULD BE HAPPY...

A TRAMP STEAMER CAPTAIN PROVIDED HIM WITH A PASSAGE TO THE CONTINENT.
ALL RIGHT, BOY, I'LL TAKE YOU ON AND NO QUESTIONS ASKED. BUT YOU'D BETTER WORK AS HARD AS YOU SAY YOU CAN!

HE WORKED HIS PASSAGE TO FRANCE AND HITCH-HIKED FROM THERE TO GERMANY, WHERE HE PLEADED WITH THE FRONTIER GUARDS TO LET HIM PASS.
I TELL YOU I AM GERMAN. MY MOTHER WAS GERMAN. YOU CAN TRACE HER FAMILY TO PROVE IT.

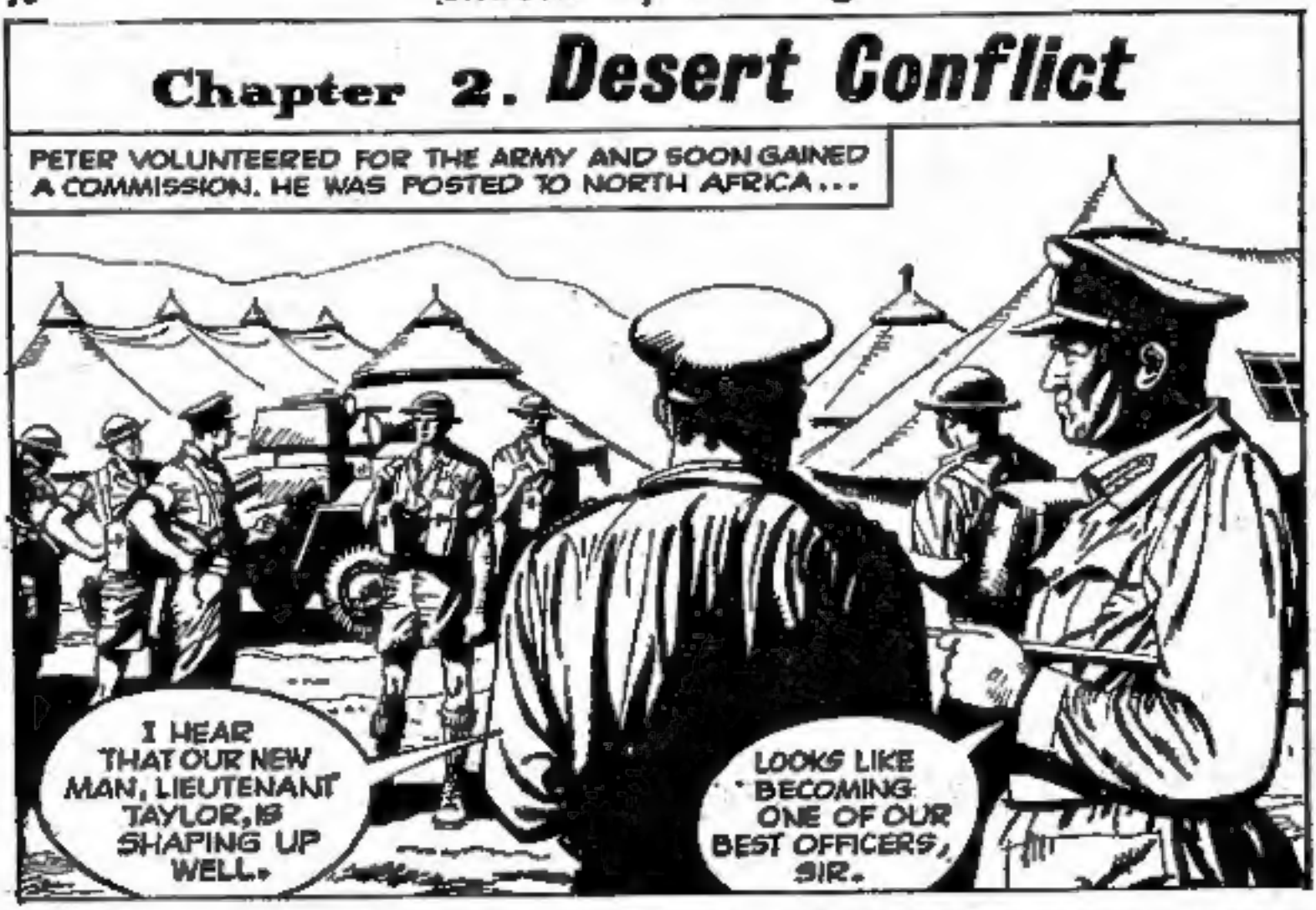
WITH TYPICAL THOROUGHNESS, THE NAZIS TRACED HIS MOTHER'S RELATIVES, AND HERR SCHMIDT WELCOMED HIS GRANDSON WITH OPEN ARMS.
YOU'LL BE HAPPY HERE, WILHELM, AND I'LL MAKE A GOOD SOLDIER OF THE FUEHRER OUT OF YOU. I ALWAYS KNEW THAT GERMAN BLOOD WOULD PROVE STRONGER THAN BRITISH.

WILLIAM-NOW CALLING HIMSELF WILHELM SCHNEIDER-SENT NO WORD OF HIS WHEREABOUTS TO HIS PARENTS, AND EFFORTS TO FIND HIM PROVED FRUITLESS.
THESE NAZIS WON'T HELP OUR ENQUIRIES A BIT.
THEIR SYMPATHY IS WITH THE GERMAN WHO WANTS TO RETURN TO THE FATHERLAND. THAT IS HOW THEY THINK.
IN THE COUNTRY OF HIS CHOICE, WILHELM FITTED PERFECTLY AND WILLINGLY INTO HIS NEW SURROUNDINGS.


IT HURT PETER TO SEE HIS PARENTS WORRYING ABOUT WILLIAM...
I'VE NEARLY ENOUGH HERE TO GET ME TO GERMANY. I'LL FIND THAT BROTHER OF MINE AND KNOCK SOME SENSE INTO HIM— NAZIS OR NO NAZIS!

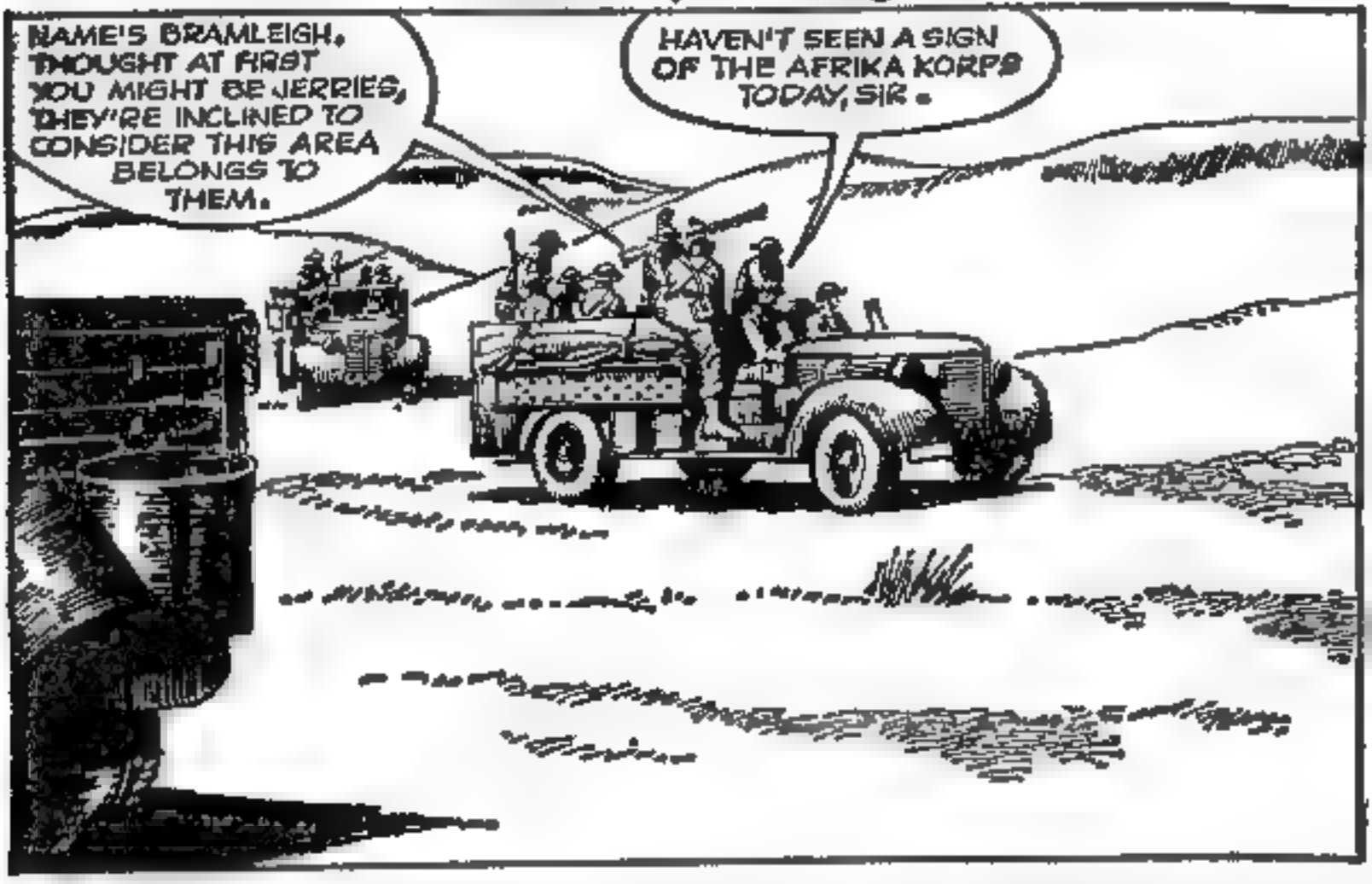
BUT IT WAS THE LATE SUMMER OF 1939 AND THE CLOUDS OF WAR WERE GATHERING. THEN THE STORM BROKE ...
...AND CONSEQUENTLY, THIS COUNTRY IS AT WAR WITH GERMANY.

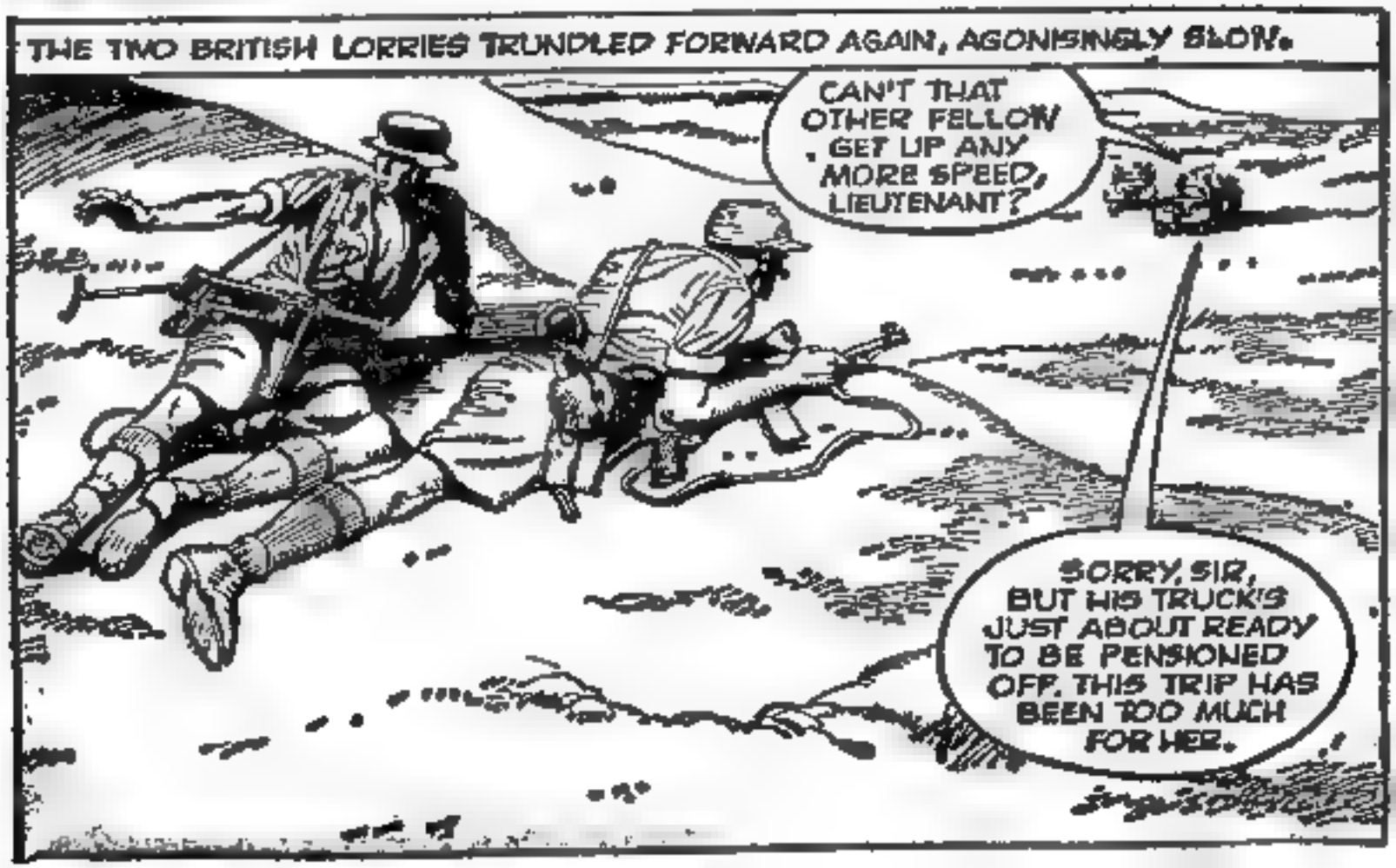
Chapter 2. Desert Conflict



HE CONSIDERED THAT THE WAR HAD ONLY TEMPORARILY HALTED HIS SHOWDOWN WITH HIS BROTHER IN THE MEANTIME, HE FOUGHT WELL AND HARD...
GOOD SHOW, TAYLOR. DESTROYING THAT SUPPLY DUMP WILL HELP CRIPPLE ROMMEL'S ADVANCE.
HIS EXCURSIONS INTO ENEMY TERRITORY GREW MORE FREQUENT, FOR HE SEEMED TO HAVE A TALENT FOR THE BUCCANEER TACTICS OF THE DESERT RAIDERS. THEN, ONE DAY...
CAN'T YOU GET ANY MORE SPEED OUT OF THAT BUS OF YOURS, CORPORAL? IT'S DANGEROUS TO HANG AROUND HERE.
SORRY, SIR, BUT THE OLD GIRL'S PRACTICALLY HAD IT. IT'S A WONDER SHE'S GOT US THIS FAR.

AND THEN...
LOOK, SIR! OVER THERE!
SOMEONE'S IN TROUBLE! GET OVER THERE, DRIVER. BATES— KEEP [illegible] HANDY, IT MIGHT BE A JERRY.
BUT IT WAS OBVIOUS AT FIRST GLANCE THAT THE MAN WAS BRITISH— AND EVEN MORE OBVIOUS WHEN HE SPOKE!
HELLO, OLD CHAP, GLAD TO SEE YOU. I RATHER THOUGHT I WAS STUCK OUT HERE FOR GOOD!


NAME'S BRAMLEIGH. THOUGHT AT FIRST YOU MIGHT BE JERRIES, THEY'RE INCLINED TO CONSIDER THIS AREA BELONGS TO THEM.
HAVEN'T SEEN A SIGN OF THE AFRIKA KORPS TODAY, SIR.


THE TWO BRITISH LORRIES TRUNDLED FORWARD AGAIN, AGONISINGLY SLOW.
CAN'T THAT OTHER FELLOW GET UP ANY MORE SPEED, LIEUTENANT?
SORRY, SIR, BUT HIS TRUCK'S JUST ABOUT READY TO BE PENSIONED OFF. THIS TRIP HAS BEEN TOO MUCH FOR HER.

THE TWO ROUNDED THE SAND DUNES...
GOOD GRIEF! JERRIES! AND WE CAN'T EVEN MAKE A RUN FOR IT!

THE TWO BROTHERS WERE ABOUT TO MEET AGAIN, FACE TO FACE—BUT NEITHER OF THEM KNEW IT.
A NEAT AMBUSH, EH, BRANDT? ALMOST TOO EASY!
VERY NEAT, HERR HAUPTMANN.
WH66122

EVEN THE SOUND OF HIS BROTHER'S VOICE STRUCK NO CHORD IN PETER'S MEMORY. THE SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY WHO RAN AWAY HAD LONG AGO BECOME A MAN.
I WANT THE OFFICER IN CHARGE TO COME FORWARD WITH HIS HANDS UP — AND NO TRICKS / MY MEN ARE EXCELLENT SHOTS!

SINCE PETER WAS OFFICIALLY IN CHARGE OF THE MEN, HE BEGAN TO COMPLY WITH THE GERMAN'S ORDER. BUT CAPTAIN BRAMLEIGH HAD OTHER IDEAS.
PRIVILEGE OF RANK, LIEUTENANT / IF I GO FORWARD THEY'LL THINK THEY'VE WON AND THEY MAY BE OFF GUARD. THAT GIVES US A SMALL CHANCE...

AS SOON AS YOU SEE A CHANCE, FIRE ON THEIR MACHINE GUN. I'LL TRY TO TACKLE THE OFFICER.
BUT YOU MAY BE CAUGHT IN THE CROSS-FIRE, SIR...

BRAMLEIGH DID NOT NOTICE ANY REGEMBLANCE BETWEEN THE OFFICER HE HAD JUST LEFT AND THE GERMAN. HE WAS NOT LOOKING FOR ONE.
I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO PUT UP YOUR HANDS!
I DON'T INTEND TO PLAY COWBOYS TO PLEASE YOU.

THINK YOU COULD GET THAT JERRY GUN AT THE FIRST GO, BATES?
NOT A HOPE, SIR. IF I FIRED, I'D HIT THE CAPTAIN FOR SURE.

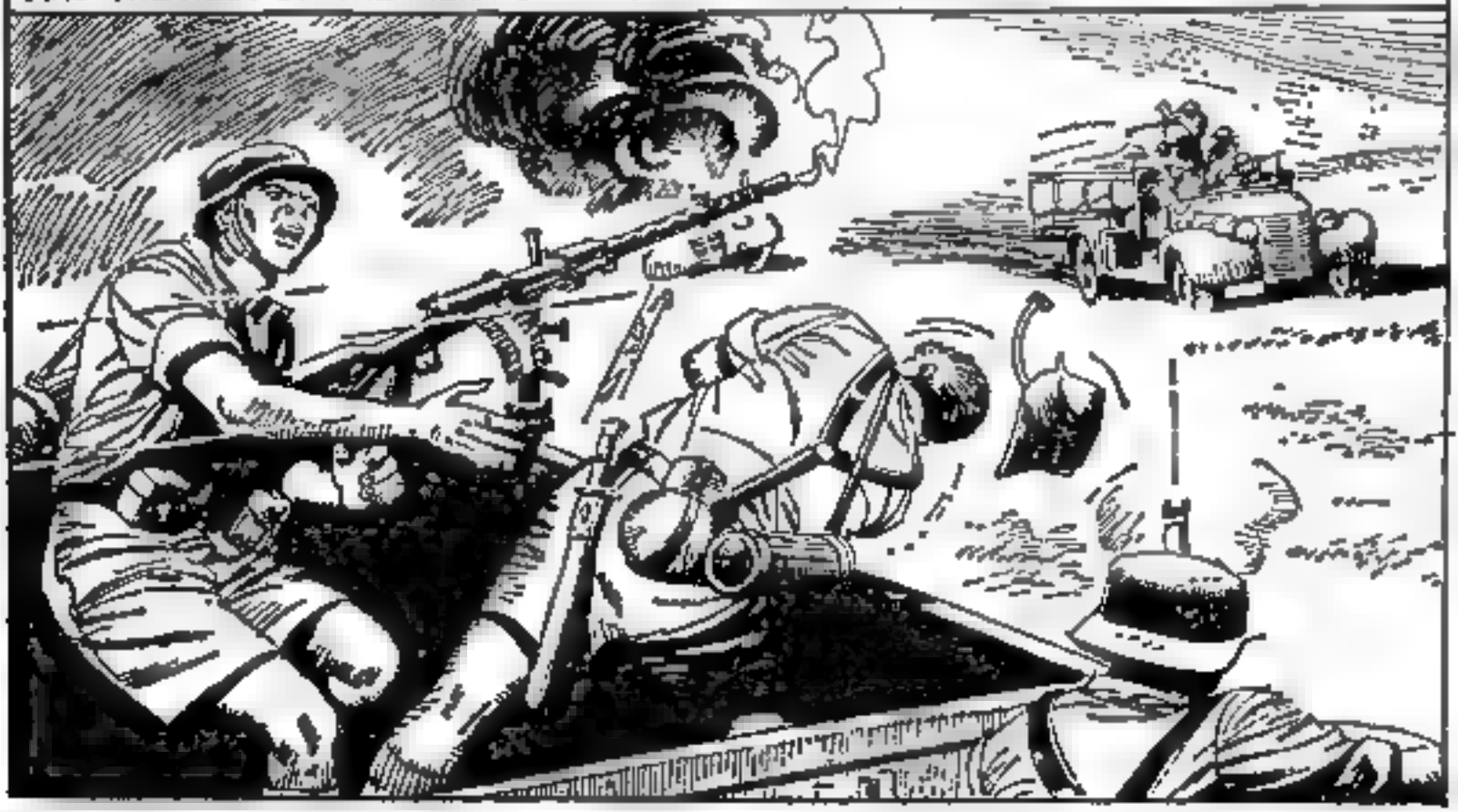
BRAMLEIGH WAS WELL AWARE HE WAS IN THE BRITISH GUNNER'S LINE OF FIRE. THERE WAS ONLY ONE DESPERATE GAMBLE LEFT...
NOW!

THE BRITISH GUNNER WAS NOT SLOW TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE GERMAN'S SURPRISE...

..AND BRAMLEIGH'S GAMBLE VERY NEARLY PAID OFF..

BUT HE RECKONED WITHOUT WILHELM SCHNEIDER, THE RUTHLESS AFRIKA KORPS OFFICER.
YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT, ENGLISHMAN!
AS CAPTAIN BRAMLEIGH'S LIFELESS BODY TOPPLED TO THE SAND, THE GERMAN FIRE CONCENTRATED ON ONE OF THE BRITISH VEHICLES...

THE TRUCK, AND THE MEN ABOARD IT, WERE PUT OUT OF ACTION AND PETER KNEW HE HAD TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT— OR PERISH. BUNDLING BRAMLEIGH'S BODY AND THE REST OF THE MEN ABOARD, THEY STORMED AWAY.



SO FATE HAD BROUGHT THE BROTHERS TOGETHER ONLY TO SEPARATE THEM WITHOUT RECOGNITION. BUT SHE HAD NOT FINISHED PLAYING WITH THEM YET...

SEVERAL MONTHS LATER, PETER WAS CALLED TO HIS C.O.'S TENT AND BRIEFED FOR AN IMPORTANT NIGHT RAID ON A GERMAN SUPPLY DUMP.
... SO THAT'S THE PICTURE, LIEUTENANT. WITH THAT SPECIAL ACE CARD YOU'VE GOT UP YOUR SLEEVE, I SHALL EXPECT GOOD RESULTS!

NEXT EVENING, PETER'S RAIDERS WERE READY TO START OUT...
FIRST TRIP OF THIS SORT, MATE? YOU DON'T WANT TO WORRY... THE LIEUTENANT'S AN OLD HAND AT THIS LARK.

... BUT SOMEONE ELSE WAS IN THE DESERT THAT EVENING...
IT'S NO USE, HERR HAUPTMANN, WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH PETROL TO GET BACK. THE BULLETS FROM THAT BRITISH PLANE PUNCTURED OUR RESERVE SUPPLY CANS!
THE EL BARA DUMP IS NEAR HERE. WE'LL PICK UP MORE FUEL THERE!

MEANWHILE, THE BRITISH HAD REACHED THEIR OBJECTIVE...
HAVING NO MOON MAKES IT EASIER FOR US, DON'T IT, SARGE?
QUIET, YOU CLOT! DON'T YOU KNOW HOW SOUND CARRIES IN THIS STILL AIR?

THE BRITISH SOLDIERS WENT ABOUT THEIR DEADLY TASK EXPERTLY AND SILENTLY.

PRIVATE PADDY RYAN WAS A GOOD MAN IN A FIGHT, BUT A SHADE TOO HEADSTRONG FOR UNDERCOVER WORK...
YOU GO ON AHEAD, BOYO. I'LL CATCH UP. I'VE JUST SEEN SOME MORE LORRIES OVER THERE THAT NEED ATTENDING TO./
DON'T BE AN IDIOT, PADDY! THERE'S A HUT FULL OF JERRIES JUST ACROSS THE WAY!

PADDY'S LUCK WAS WITH HIM AS HE FIXED HIS CHARGES. BUT IT DESERTED HIM ON HIS JOURNEY BACK...
ACH! KOMMANDO!

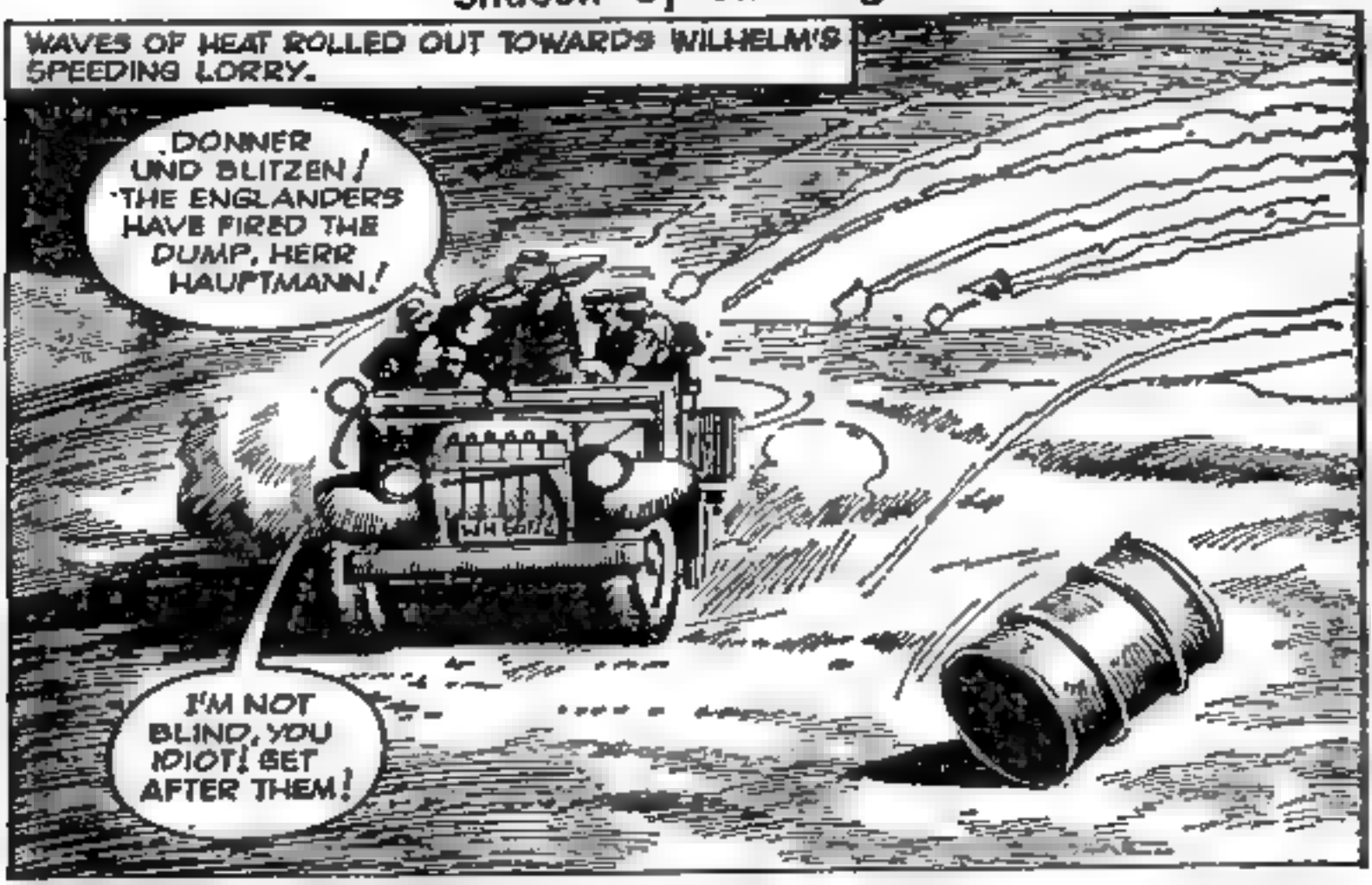
PADDY RAN THEN, ALL STEALTH THROWN TO THE WIND, BUT HE WAS CUT DOWN BEFORE HE COULD REACH THE TRUCKS.

THE SOUND OF THE SHOTS CARRIED CLEARLY OVER THE SAND TO THE APPROACHING GERMANS.
THERE'S TROUBLE OVER THERE! FASTER, DRIVER!

PETER HEARD THE SHOTS, TOO...
WHAT THE DEVIL'S THAT?
THEY MUST HAVE GOT RYAN, SIR! HE WENT BACK TO SOME MORE LORRIES HE FOUND...

WELL, SINCE THEY KNOW WE'RE HERE, LET'S LIVEN THINGS UP AND START THE FIREWORK DISPLAY EARLY!

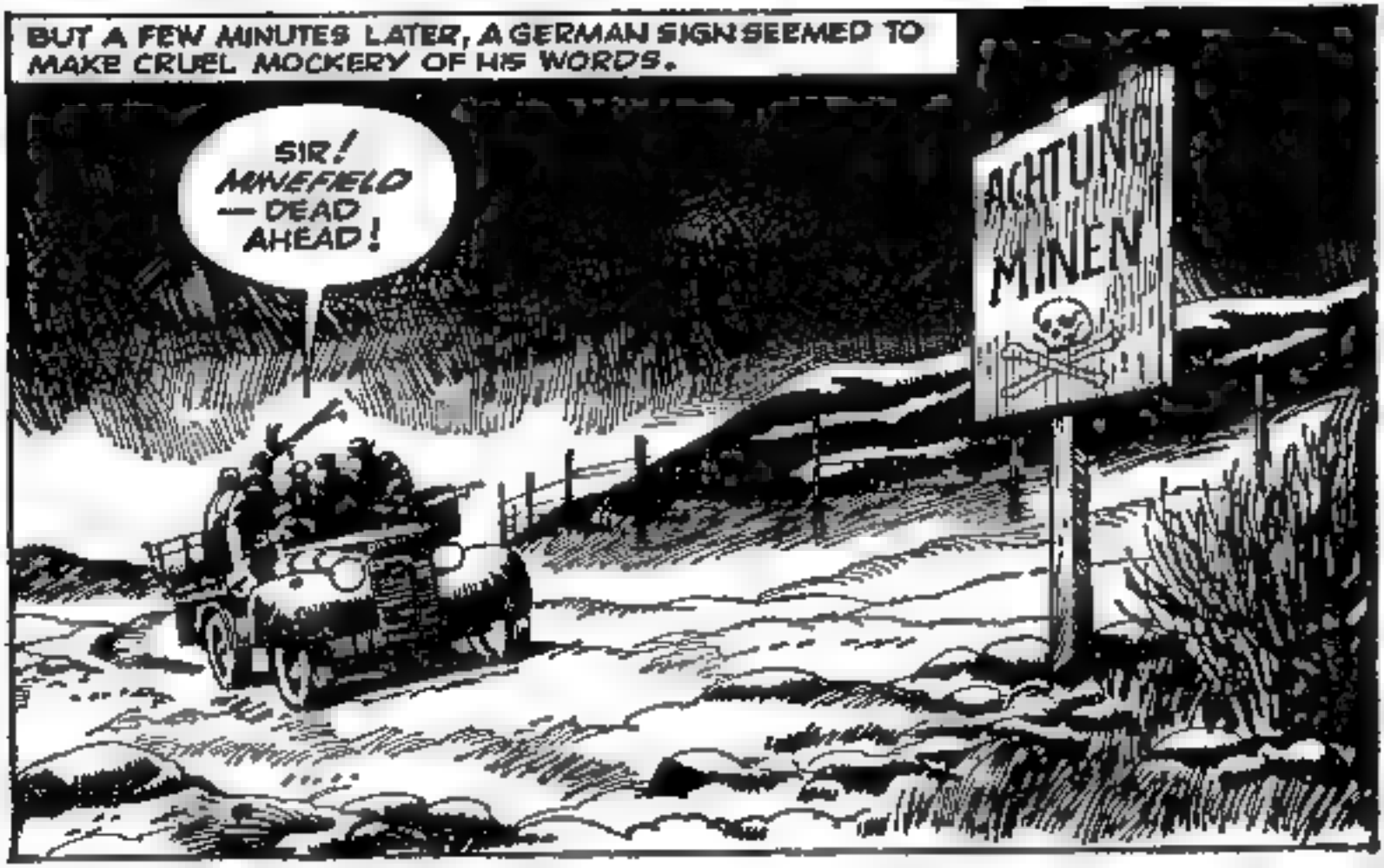
PETER'S BULLETS STARTED OFF A CHAIN REACTION AND FLAMES IGNITED EXPLOSIVES TO CREATE A HOLOCAUST OF DESTRUCTION.


WAVES OF HEAT ROLLED OUT TOWARDS WILHELM'S SPEEDING LORRY.
DONNER UND BLITZEN! THE ENGLANDERS HAVE FIRED THE DUMP, HERR HAUPTMANN!
I'M NOT BLIND, YOU IDIOT! GET AFTER THEM!

PETER DIRECTED HIS DRIVER OUT INTO THE DESERT ON A COMPASS BEARING.
THEY'LL SEND SOMEONE AFTER US, BUT WE'LL BE READY FOR THEM!

THE TRACKS OF THE BRITISH LORRY SHOWED CLEARLY IN THE SAND AND WILHELM GRINNED...
IT IS EASY TO FOLLOW THEM, HERR HAUPTMANN.
YOU NEEDN'T HURRY TOO MUCH, FELDMANN. OUR BRITISH FRIENDS HAVE AN UNPLEASANT SHOCK COMING TO THEM!

PETER'S LORRY SPED FORWARD UNDER HIS GUIDANCE DESPITE HIS SERGEANT'S DOUBTS....
EXCUSE ME MENTIONING IT, SIR...BUT ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING?
DON'T WORRY, SERGEANT, I KNOW!


BUT A FEW MINUTES LATER, A GERMAN SIGN SEEMED TO MAKE CRUEL MOCKERY OF HIS WORDS.
SIR! MINEFIELD — DEAD AHEAD!
ACHTUNG! MINEN

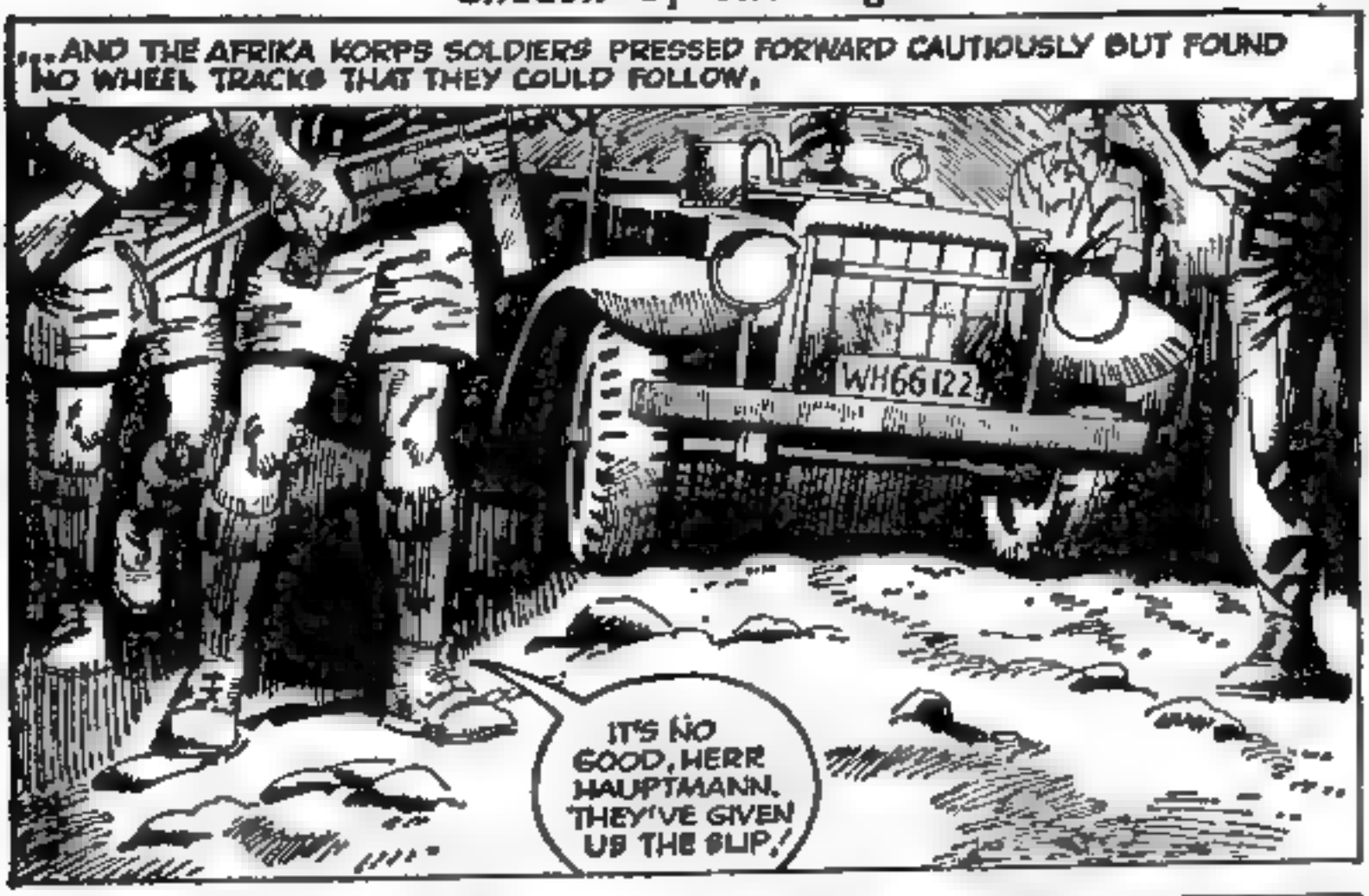
BUT PETER WAS UNPERTURBED. HE BECKONED THE LORRY FORWARD...
THE ENTRANCE IS OVER HERE. I WANT A COUPLE OF MEN TO FOLLOW BEHIND.
GOOD GRIEF! HE'S GOING TO TAKE US THROUGH!

PETER QUICKLY TOOK THE TWO VOLUNTEERS ASIDE...
YOU TWO MEN - THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE LORRY I WANT YOU TO USE...

WILHELM HAD REALISED THE BRITISH PARTY'S ROUTE WOULD TAKE THEM INTO THE MINEFIELD. BUT WHEN HE ARRIVED AT THE ENTRANCE...
HERR HAUPTMANN- THEY'RE HALF-WAY THROUGH THE FIELD!
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THEIR OFFICER MUST BE A COMPLETE FOOL TO TAKE THE RISK.

BUT IMPOSSIBLE OR NOT, WILHELM HAD TO FACE THE FACT THAT HIS QUARRY HAD SLIPPED RIGHT THROUGH HIS FINGERS.
I CAN'T FOLLOW THEM! I DON'T KNOW THE PATH THROUGH THE FIELD.
WHAT ABOUT THE TRACKS, HERR HAUPTMANN - CAN'T WE USE THEM AS A GUIDE?

BUT PETER'S SECRET ACE HAD BEEN PREPARED FOR THAT EVENTUALITY...


...AND THE AFRIKA KORPS SOLDIERS PRESSED FORWARD CAUTIOUSLY BUT FOUND NO WHEEL TRACKS THAT THEY COULD FOLLOW.
WH66122
IT'S NO GOOD, HERR HAUPTMANN. THEY'VE GIVEN US THE SLIP!

THE MEN IN THE LORRY FELT UNASHAMED RELIEF WHEN THEY FINISHED THEIR HAZARDOUS JOURNEY WITHOUT MISHAP.
PHEW! I DON'T MIND ADMITTING THAT I DON'T WANT TO DO THAT AGAIN - EVEN WITH A LEADER AND A MAP!
I'M WITH YOU THERE, SARGE!

NO INQUISITIVE GERMAN PLANES TROUBLED THEM AND SOON THEIR LORRY RUMBLED INTO THE SAFETY OF THE CAMP.
WELL, LIEUTENANT, HOW DID IT GO? DID YOU USE MY 'ACE CARD'?
WE CERTAINLY DID, SIR! IT FOOLED THE GERMANS - BUT IT'S HARD ON THE NERVES!
YOU'VE GOT THE BEHIND-THE-LINE INTELLIGENCE BOYS TO THANK FOR THAT MAP OF THE PATH THROUGH THE MINEFIELD.
GIVE ME A NICE QUIET ARMS DUMP RAID ANY TIME. YOU CAN KEEP THE MINEFIELD TRIPS FOR THE HEROES!

Chapter 3. The Sheik

FOR PETER, THE TWO INCIDENTS WERE SOON ALL BUT FORGOTTEN. BUT FOR WILHELM, THEY WERE TO HAVE SERIOUS REPERCUSSIONS.

WILHELM NOTICED A TENSE ATMOSPHERE WHEN HE CAME TO ATTENTION IN FRONT OF HIS SUPERIOR...

THERE WAS NO LOVE LOST BETWEEN THE MEN OF THE AFRIKA KORPS AND THE POLITICAL OFFICERS OF THE THIRD REICH.
WELL, SCHNEIDER, I UNDERSTAND YOU ARE HALF ENGLISH?
I RENOUNCED MY ENGLISH CITIZENSHIP WHEN I CAME TO GERMANY, SIR. I THINK YOU'LL FIND MY PARTY RECORD...
THE S.S. OFFICER WAVED HIM TO SILENCE.
I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR RECORD -BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE WAR. SCHNEIDER-- THE THIRD REICH DOES NOT LIKE HER OFFICERS TO HELP THE ENEMY!
BUT--I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
THEN THE S.S. MAN REMINDED WILHELM OF HIS TWO CLASHES WITH THE BRITISH RAIDERS...
WE KNOW YOU ASKED THE ENGLANDER OFFICER TO COME FORWARD. WE ALSO KNOW THAT OFFICER WAS YOUR BROTHER!

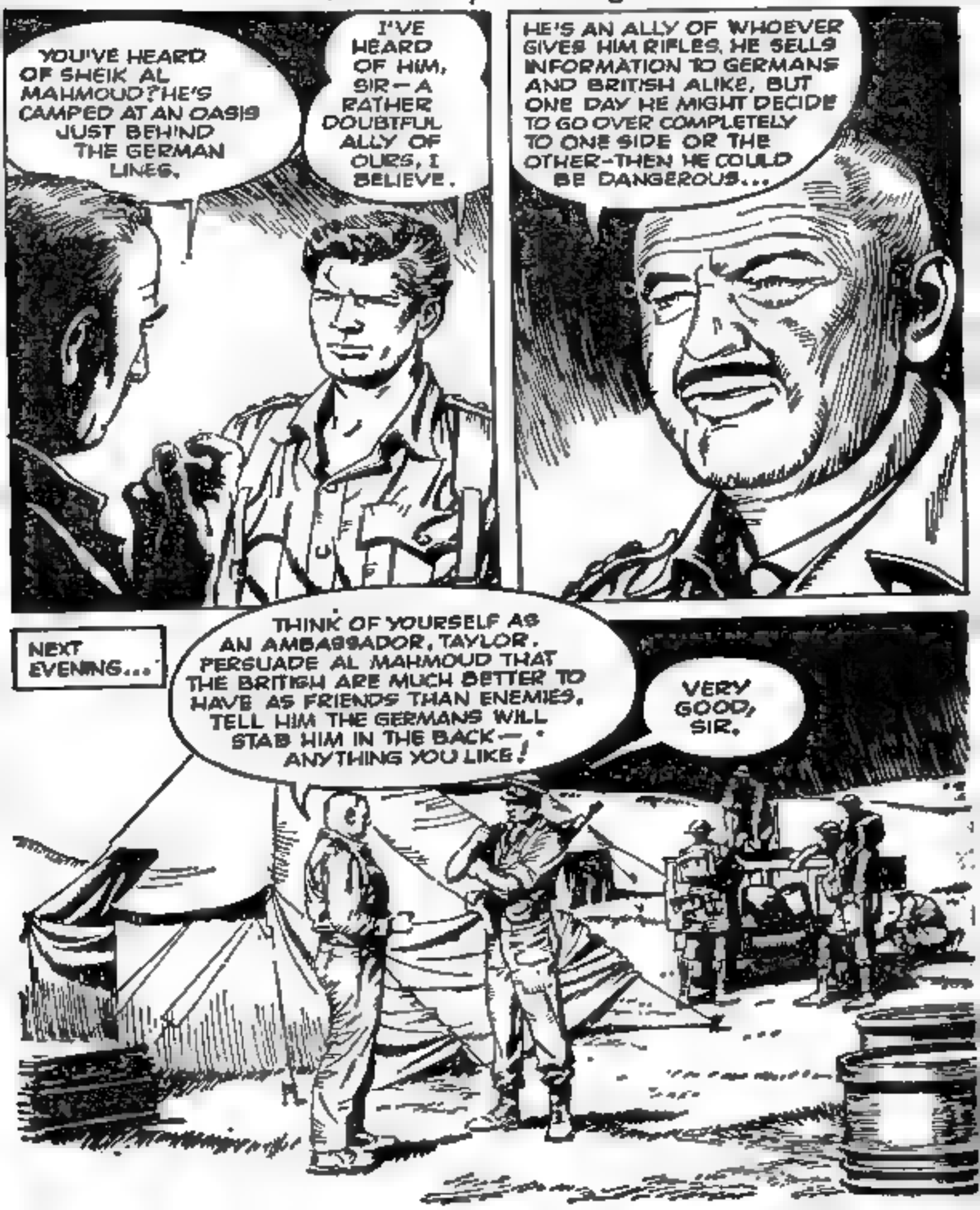
ONLY TREMENDOUS SELF-CONTROL KEPT WILHELM STANDING TO ATTENTION AT THAT...
BUT, SIR—HE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MY BROTHER. I—I SHOT HIM!
WE ONLY HAVE YOUR WORD FOR IT, THERE WAS NO BODY TO PROVE YOUR STORY. I BELIEVE YOU DELIBERATELY MISSED HIM.

HIS VOICE SOFT AND SNEERING, NEUMAN WENT ON...
IT IS OBVIOUS THAT YOU PUT THE SAFETY OF YOUR FLESH AND BLOOD BEFORE A VICTORY FOR THE REICH.

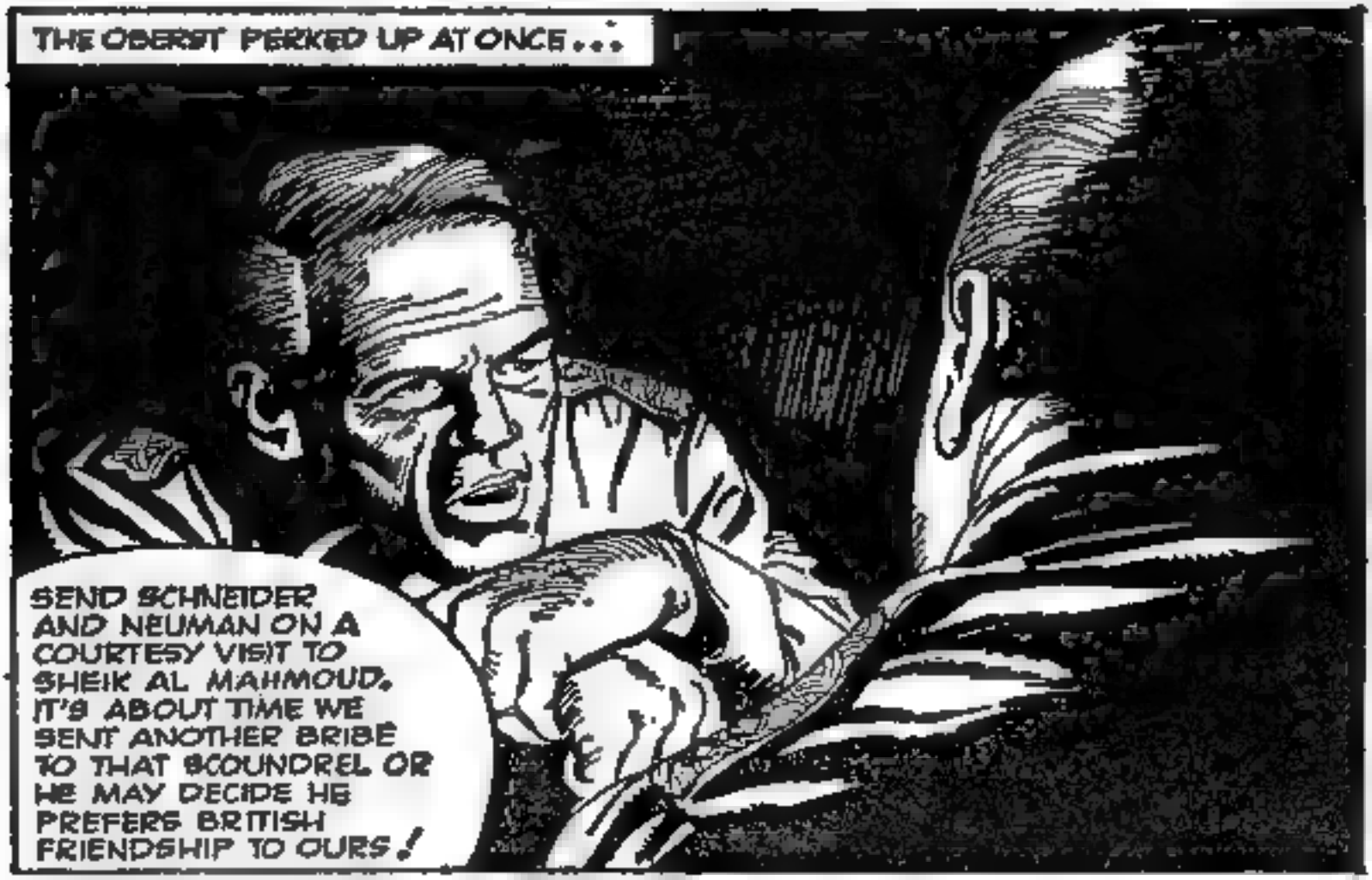
THE OBERST KNEW THAT NEUMAN'S LAST REMARK WAS CALCULATED TO BREAK THROUGH EVEN WILHELM'S STRICT SENSE OF DISCIPLINE.
THAT'S TOTALLY RIDICULOUS!! I OBJECT TO BEING ACCUSED OF...
THAT'S ENOUGH, SCHNEIDER! YOU MAY GO!

THE S.S. MAN SMILED CYNICALLY AS THE AFRIKA KORPS COLONEL ARGUED IN FAVOUR OF HIS SUBORDINATE.
HAUPTMANN SCHNEIDER HAS ALWAYS BEEN AN EXCELLENT OFFICER AND TRUSTWORTHY UNDER FIRE.
MAYBE - UNTIL HE HAS TO AIM HIS GUN AT HIS OWN BROTHER!

MEANWHILE, PETER WAS HAVING A CONVERSATION WITH HIS SUPERIOR OFFICER.
CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR PROMOTION, CAPTAIN TAYLOR. I CONSIDER IT WELL DESERVED. NOW I'VE A NICE LITTLE PLEASURE TRIP LINED UP FOR YOU...
NOT ANOTHER MINEFIELD JOY-RIDE, I HOPE, SIR?


YOU'VE HEARD OF SHEIK AL MAHMOUD? HE'S CAMPED AT AN OASIS JUST BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES.
I'VE HEARD OF HIM, SIR—A RATHER DOUBTFUL ALLY OF OURS, I BELIEVE.
HE'S AN ALLY OF WHOEVER GIVES HIM RIFLES. HE SELLS INFORMATION TO GERMANS AND BRITISH ALIKE, BUT ONE DAY HE MIGHT DECIDE TO GO OVER COMPLETELY TO ONE SIDE OR THE OTHER—THEN HE COULD BE DANGEROUS...
NEXT EVENING...
THINK OF YOURSELF AS AN AMBASSADOR, TAYLOR. PERSUADE AL MAHMOUD THAT THE BRITISH ARE MUCH BETTER TO HAVE AS FRIENDS THAN ENEMIES. TELL HIM THE GERMANS WILL STAB HIM IN THE BACK—! ANYTHING YOU LIKE!
VERY GOOD, SIR.

THE FATES WERE DRAWING THE BROTHERS TOGETHER ONCE AGAIN. IN THE GERMAN H.Q ...
THAT S.S. MAN IS DETERMINED TO PIN SOMETHING ON SCHNEIDER. HE'S DRIVING ME MAD WITH HIS QUESTIONS.
POLITICAL OFFICERS SHOULD NEVER BE ALLOWED ON BATTLEFIELDS. BUT I THINK I MAY HAVE THE ANSWER TO YOUR PROBLEM..


THE OBERST PERKED UP AT ONCE...
SEND SCHNEIDER AND NEUMAN ON A COURTESY VISIT TO SHEIK AL MAHMOUD. IT'S ABOUT TIME WE SENT ANOTHER BRIBE TO THAT SCOUNDREL OR HE MAY DECIDE HE PREFERS BRITISH FRIENDSHIP TO OURS!

THE PLAN PLEASED THE OBERST AND IT ALSO PLEASED NEUMAN, WHO CALCULATED THAT WILHELM COULD NOT ENDANGER GERMANY WHILE STILL BEHIND GERMAN LINES.
HAUPTMANN SCHNEIDER, THIS PISTOL IS A PERSONAL GIFT FROM US TO THE SHEIK YOU WILL ALSO TAKE THE USUAL NUMBER OF RIFLES AS-ER- PRESENTS.

SO IT WAS THAT AS PETER DROVE TOWARDS THE OASIS, HIS BROTHER WAS ALREADY AT THE SHEIK'S CAMP...

THE GERMANS WERE WELCOMED BY THE SHEIK'S SON, ALI HABBID, WHO RAN A GREEDY EYE OVER THE RIFLES.
YOU ARE MOST WELCOME, GENTLEMEN.
IT GIVES US GREAT PLEASURE TO BE *HERE*. MAY I INTRODUCE HAUPTSTURMFUEHRER NEUMAN—HE COMES AS A PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVE OF OUR FUEHRER.

ALI HABBID'S COLD EYES STARED AT THE S.S. OFFICER.
HE IS MOST WELCOME. MY FATHER WILL DOUBTLESSLY BE PLEASED TO TALK WITH HIM. WILL YOU FOLLOW ME..?
WE BRING A SPECIAL GIFT FOR THE SHEIK. I HOPE IT WILL GIVE HIM PLEASURE.

BUT NEUMAN, UNUSED TO ARAB PRIDE, WAS INFURIATED BY ALI HABBID'S CONDESCENSION AND WILHELM'S ACCEPTANCE OF IT.
MUST YOU BE SO RIDICULOUSLY POLITE? HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN YOU'RE A GERMAN OFFICER?
WE HAVE TO BE CAREFUL NOT TO OFFEND THESE MEN OR THEY WOULD NEVER HELP US.

THE SHEIK RECEIVED THE PISTOL WITH OBVIOUS PLEASURE. HE WAVED A CONDESCENDING FINGER AT THE SANDY GROUND.
IT S A GOOD GUN. I AM WELL PLEASED. NOW WE WILL TALK. SIT!

THE ORDER TO SIT AT THE SHEIK'S FEET WAS TOO MUCH FOR THE U.S. OFFICER.
ENOUGH OF THIS NONSENSE! THE AFRIKA KORPS MAY BE ACCUSTOMED TO THIS SORT OF TREATMENT, BUT I'M NOT!
SIR— IT'S THE CUSTOM...

NEJMAN IGNORED WILHELM'S REMONSTRATIONS...
STOP REPEATING 'IT'S THE CUSTOM', LIKE A PARROT! I'M NOT USED TO TAKING ORDERS FROM ARAB PIGS AND I DON'T INTEND TO START NOW!
ALTHOUGH HE DID NOT KNOW IT, BY LIKENING THEM TO PIGS NEJMAN HAD OFFERED THE MOSLEM ARABS ONE OF THE MOST DEADLY INSULTS POSSIBLE
SO THIS IS YOUR FUEHRER'S REPRESENTATIVE? THIS IS THE MAN WHO SPEAKS FOR YOUR LEADER?

THERE WAS NO KNOWING HOW THE ARGUMENT WOULD HAVE ENDED FOR THERE WAS AN INTERRUPTION...
A THOUSAND PARDONS, EXCELLENCY, BUT AN ENGLISH LORRY IS APPROACHING!

THE S.S. OFFICER'S VOICE IMMEDIATELY ASSUMED A CHARACTERISTIC TONE OF ARROGANCE.
YOU THERE, TELL YOUR MEN TO WELCOME THEM WE'LL ARRANGE AN AMBUSH AND TAKE THEM BACK WITH US AS PRISONERS.

MUST WE BOW TO THIS UNIFORMED PUPPET, SIRE? IT IS BETTER TO DEAL WITH THE BRITISH.

MYSTIFIED BY THE QUICK EXCHANGE OF ARABIC, THE TWO GERMANS SENSED THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG.
A NEW DAGGER MUST HAVE IT'S BAPTISM OF BLOOD. A NEW GUN SHOULD ALSO FIRE ITS FIRST BULLET...

BEFORE THE GERMANS HAD FULLY GRASPED THE SIGNIFICANCE OF HIS WORDS, THE SHEIK FIRED.
AAGH!

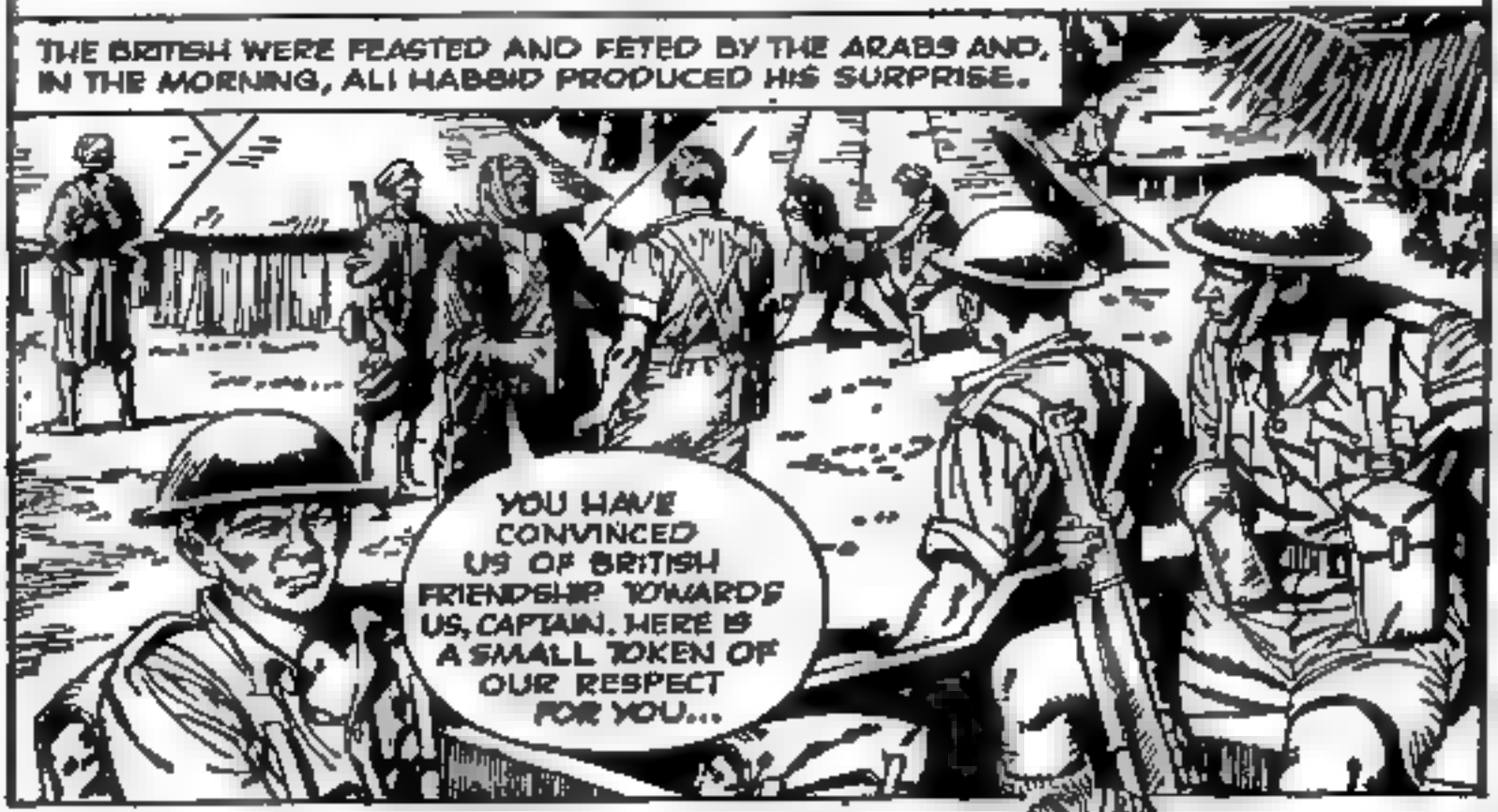
THE NOISE BROUGHT MORE ARABS RUSHING TO THE SCENE AND, AT A GESTURE FROM ALI HABBID, THEY CLOSED ON WILHELM.
WELL, HERR HAUPTMANN, YOUR FUEHRER CANNOT HELP YOU NOW. TOMORROW, YOU WILL DISCOVER WHAT WE HAVE IN STORE FOR YOU!

WHEN THEY WERE ALONE AGAIN THE SHEIK TURNED TO HIS SON, A SMILE OF SATISFACTION ON HIS THICK LIPS.
NOW WE CAN KEEP THE GERMAN RIFLES AND THE BRITISH WILL GIVE US RIFLES, TOO - PERHAPS IN LARGER QUANTITIES THAN BEFORE WHEN WE PROVE HOW FRIENDLY WE FEEL TOWARDS THEM!

THERE ONLY REMAINED TO DEAL WITH THE FEW AFRIKA KORPS SOLDIERS OF THE PARTY—AND THAT WAS SPEEDILY DONE.

IT WAS A WELL-SATISFIED ALI HABBID WHO WELCOMED HIS SECOND SET OF VISITORS—THE BRITISH—INTO THE OASIS THAT NIGHT.
WELCOME TO OUR HUMBLE HOSPITALITY, GENTLEMEN. YOU HAVE ARRIVED AT A MOST OPPORTUNE TIME....

Chapter 4. Face to Face



ALI HABBIB WRENCHED WILHELM'S HEAD BACK AND THE TWO BROTHERS CAME FACE TO FACE IN A STUNNING SHOCK OF RECOGNITION.

B-BUT...

PETER QUICKLY MASTERED HIS SURPRISE, BUT THE ARAB SENSED THAT SOMETHING SIGNIFICANT HAD PASSED BETWEEN THE TWO MEN.

YOU KNOW THIS GERMAN, CAPTAIN?

ER-NO -I ONLY THOUGHT I DID

WITH WILHELM IN THEIR MIDST, THE BRITISH BEGAN THE JOURNEY BACK TO THEIR CAMP. ONCE IN BRITISH TERRITORY, HOWEVER, PETER GAVE THE ORDER TO HALT...
PHILLIPS, LET THE PRISONER GET DOWN. I WANT TO TALK TO HIM.
YES, SIR— OFF YOU GET, MATE

SO, AT LAST, THE BROTHERS MET AND TALKED — AND THE ENGLISH OFFICER MADE A SUDDEN, SURPRISING DISCOVERY.
ALL THESE YEARS, I'VE HATED YOU, WILL—AND NOW I FEEL NOTHING! I CAN'T EVEN THINK OF ANYTHING I WANT TO SAY TO YOU!

WILHELM LOOKED AT HIS BROTHER BELLIGERENTLY.
YOU BRITISH— YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO HATE. HOW CAN YOU HOPE TO BEAT THE MIGHT OF GERMANY?
THE SAME OLD WILL—ALL BLOOD AND FIRE, EH?
BUT LONELY THOUGH THE DESERT MAY SEEM, DANGER IS NEVER FAR AWAY. SO IT WAS NOW...
TEUFEL! AN ENGLANDER TRUCK—AN EXCELLENT TARGET!

THE NAZI PLANE SWOOPED OUT OF THE SUN, ITS MACHINE GUNS HAMMERING...
GIVE IT EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT, LADS!
THE ROAR OF THE ENGINE AND THE FRANTIC CHATTER OF GUNS CUT THE DESERT AIR...
YOUR MEN ARE FINISHED, NOW!
DON'T YOU BE SO SURE. THEY KNOW HOW TO HANDLE A STUKA!

BUT SKILLED THOUGH PETER'S MEN WERE, THE GERMAN BULLETS FOUND THEIR MARK AND THE LORRY ERUPTED INTO A CLOUD OF FLAME AND OILY BLACK SMOKE.
THERE— WHAT DID I TELL YOU?
NO— OH, NO...
THE SUDDENNESS OF THE ENEMY'S VICTORY HAD STUNNED PETER, BUT WILHELM'S BRAIN WAS STILL WORKING WITH ICE-COLD CLARITY. THE PILLAR OF BLACK SMOKE DID NOT MARK THE FUNERAL PYRE OF HIS FRIENDS.
MY MEN— THEY WERE GOOD MEN, ALL OF THEM...

AND THE AFRIKA KORPS OFFICER SEIZED THE ONLY OPPORTUNITY HE COULD SEE OPEN TO HIM.

SORRY, BROTHER, BUT I DON'T FANCY BEING A PRISONER OF WAR!

PETER'S BODY HIT THE SAND WITH A SICKENING THUD AND LAY STILL — VERY STILL. LOOKING DOWN AT IT, WILHELM FELT A SUDDEN STAB OF HORROR.

DEAD? NO-NO, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I DIDN'T MEAN TO-PETER!

BUT IT WAS NOT IMPOSSIBLE. PETER WAS DEAD. AS WILHELM KNELT BY THE BODY A FEVER OF REMORSE SWEPT OVER HIM, BLOTTING OUT TIME... AND THE WAR.

AT LAST A GLIMMER OF REASON BEGAN TO SEEP BACK INTO THE AFRIKA KORPS OFFICER'S MIND. THE INSTINCT FOR SELF PRESERVATION FORCED HIM TO MOVE.

I'M A GERMAN— MUST GET BACK— TO MY OWN LINES. STAND MORE CHANCE— IN BRITISH UNIFORM. IT'S THE ONLY WAY...

SHAKILY, WILHELM PULLED ON HIS BROTHER'S CLOTHES. PETER'S PAPERS WERE IN HIS POCKETS AND HE HUNG HIS BROTHER'S IDENTIFICATION TAG ROUND HIS NECK.

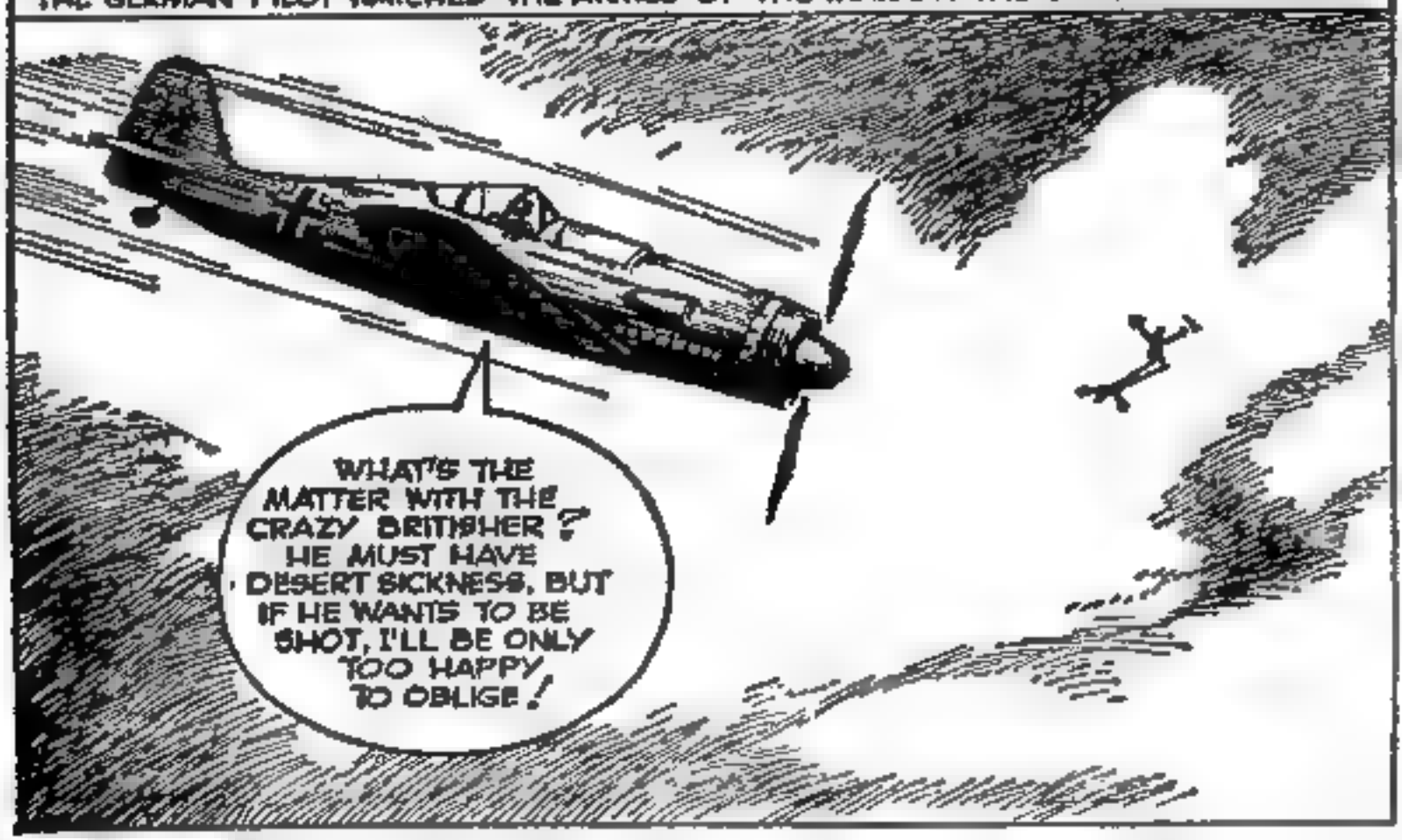
MUST GET BACK GERMAN OFFICERS NEVER GIVE UP— NEVER. MUST GET— BACK...

HE HAD NO IDEA HOW LONG HE HAD BEEN WALKING WHEN A BLACK SHADOW FLASHED OVER HIM. HE SAW THE MARKINGS ON ITS WINGS.

THE LUFTWAFFE! I'M NOT GOING TO DIE IN THE DESERT, AFTER ALL...

EXHAUSTED, HIS MIND CLOGGED BY THE HORROR OF RECENT EVENTS, WILHELM COMPLETELY FORGOT THAT HE WAS IN BRITISH TERRITORY—AND WEARING BRITISH UNIFORM.

THE GERMAN PILOT WATCHED THE ANTICS OF THE MAN ON THE GROUND CURIOUSLY.



NEXT MOMENT, A STREAM OF BULLETS KICKED ACROSS THE SAND AND AS DEATH MISSED HIM BY INCHES, WILHELM'S [redacted] BRAIN CLEARED SUDDENLY.
NO..YOU FOOL! I'M A GERMAN! STOP SHOOTING, IDIOT— I'M A GERMAN!

BUT HIS WORDS WERE WASTED ON THE HOT, STILL AIR. THE NAZI FIGHTER WAS COMING IN AGAIN.
RUNNING AWAY WON'T HELP YOU, ENGLANDER. I'LL..GET YOU NEXT TIME!

THE SOUNDS OF GUNFIRE CARRIED FAR OVER THE DESERT— TO THE EARS OF THE CAPTAIN OF A NEARBY BRITISH CONVOY.

SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE! STEP ON IT, DRIVER!

THE SCENE LOOKED CLEAR ENOUGH TO THE CAPTAIN'S EYE'S— A BRITISH OFFICER RUNNING FOR HIS LIFE FROM A GERMAN PLANE.

ALL RIGHT, BOYS, GIVE JERRY A DOSE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE!

A PLEASURE, SIR!

BANKING VIOLENTLY AS THE UNEXPECTED BRITISH FIRE HIT IT, THE PLANE SEWED AN ERRATIC PATTERN OF BULLETS INTO THE SAND — AND WILHELM FELL!
AAGH!

THE ENEMY PILOT LOST CONTROL OF HIS FIGHTER AND IT NOSE-DIVED INTO THE GROUND.
HURRY! THE BLIGHTER HIT THE POOR DEVIL, AFTER ALL!

BUT WILHELM SCHNEIDER WAS BEYOND HELP WHEN THEY REACHED HIM...
POOR CHAP! WHO WAS HE? LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THESE PAPERS. CAPTAIN PETER TAYLOR...
CAPTAIN TAYLOR, SIR? I SERVED WITH HIM FOR A WHILE...
EVEN DEATH COULD NOT BLUR THE RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN THE TWO BROTHERS...
WELL? IT IS CAPTAIN TAYLOR, ISN'T IT?'
YES, SIR— I'D KNOW HIM ANYWHERE. HE WAS A DARNED GOOD OFFICER, SIR.

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